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Garfield.

1880

SPEECHES AT HOME.

1880

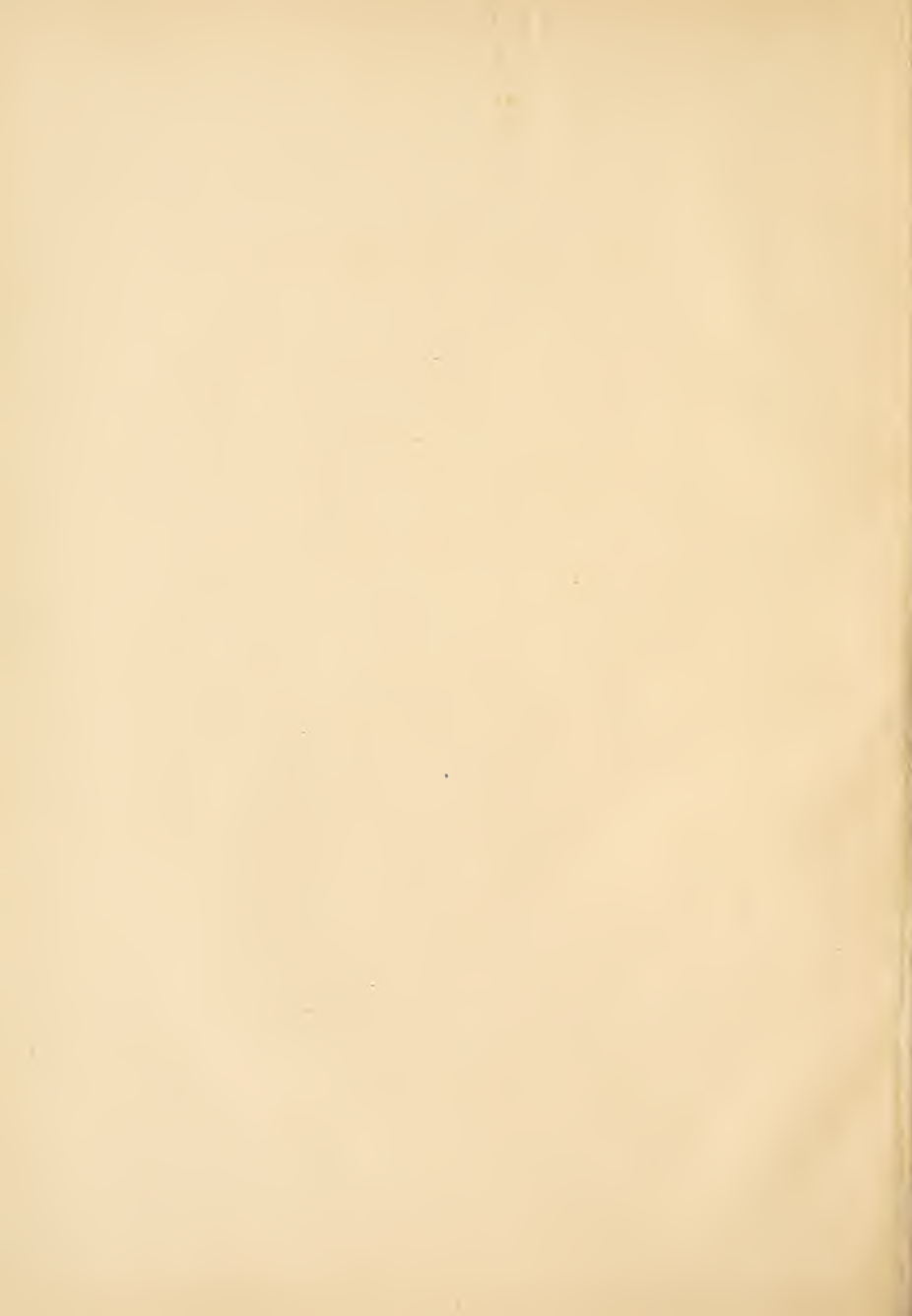
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.





JAMES A. GARFIELD.

His Speeches at Home.

1880.

COMPILED AND ARRANGED BY C. S. CARPENTER.



ONEONTA, N. Y.:
C. S. CARPENTER, PUBLISHER.

1880.

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PREFACE.

PROFOUNDLY impressed with the true greatness of JAMES A. GARFIELD, and regarding his non-partizan speeches between the date of his nomination and election for President, rare samples of thought, logic and composition, we have compiled all such public utterances, and hand them to the public.

Old men will value these speeches for the evidence they bear of the Nation's present greatness; young men will draw from them inspiration and courage for the future; soldiers will be reminded of their own valor and the patriotism of a leader; business men will find many good suggestions; mechanics will read feeling words from one who knows all about the every-day labor of life; scholars will find a peer in all that pertains to learning and culture; foreigners will observe the liberality of America, and note the sympathy of her twentieth President.

C. S. C.

THANKSGIVING DAY, 1880.

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THE POSSIBILITIES OF LIFE.

JUNE 25th, General Garfield attended the commencement exercises of Hiram (Ohio) College, of which institution he was for many years President, and addressed the students as follows :

FELLOW CITIZENS. NEIGHBORS AND FRIENDS OF MANY YEARS—It always gives me pleasure to come here and look upon these faces ; it has always given me new courage and new friends. It has brought back a large share of that richness that belongs to those things out of which come the joys of life. While I have been sitting here this afternoon, watching your faces and listening to the very interesting address which has just been delivered, it has occurred to me that the best thing you have that all men envy—I mean all men who have reached the meridian of life—is perhaps the thing you care for least, and that is your leisure : the leisure you have to think ; the leisure you have to throw the plummet around the depths and find what is below ; the leisure you have to work about the towers of yourselves and find how strong they are or how weak they are, and to determine what needs building up, and how to shape it that you may be made the final being that you are

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to be. Oh! these hours of building! If the superior beings of the universe would look down upon the world to find the most interesting object, it would be the unfinished, unformed character of young men and young women.

Those behind me have probably in the main settled such questions. Those who have passed into middle manhood and middle womanhood are about what they shall always be, and there is little left of interest or curiosity as to our development; but to your young unformed natures no man knows the possibilities that lay treasured up in your hearts and intellects, and while you are working up those possibilities with that splendid leisure, you are the most envied of men and women in the world. I congratulate you on your leisure; I commend you to keep it as your gold, as your wealth, as your means, out of which you can demand all the possible treasures that God laid down when He formed your nature and unveiled and developed the possibility of your future.

THE TEACHINGS OF A SOLDIERS' MONUMENT.

ON the 3d of July, General Garfield spoke at Painesville, Ohio, the occasion being the dedication of a soldiers' monument. He said :

FELLOW CITIZENS—I cannot fail to respond on such an occasion, in sight of such a monument to such a cause, sustained by such men. While I have listened to what my friend has said, two questions have been sweeping through my heart. One was, what does the monument mean? and the other, what will the monument teach? Let me try, and ask you for a moment to help me to answer, “What does the monument mean?” Oh, the monument means a world of memories, a world of deeds, a world of tears, and a world of glories. You know, thousands know, what it is to offer up your life to the country, and that is no small thing, as every soldier knows. Let me put the question to you for a moment. Suppose your country, in the awful embodied form of majestic Law, should stand before you and say, “I want your life; come up here on this platform and offer it.” How many would walk up before that majestic presence and say, “Here am I; take this life and use it for your great needs.” And yet, almost two millions of men made that answer. And a monument stands yonder to commemorate their answer. That is one of its meanings.

But, my friends, let me try you a little further. To give up life is much; for it is to give up wife, and home,

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and child, and ambition, and all—almost all. But let me test you a little further. Suppose that majestic form should call out to you and say, “I ask you to give up health, and drag yourself, not dead, but half alive, through a miserable existence for long years, until you perish and die in your crippled and hopeless condition. I ask you to volunteer to do that.” This calls for a higher reach of patriotism and self-sacrifice. But hundreds of thousands of our soldiers did it. That is what the monument means also.

But let me ask you to go one step further. Suppose your country should say, “Come here, upon this platform, and in my name and for my sake consent to become idiots; consent that your very brain and intellect should be broken down into hopeless idiocy for my sake,” how many could be found to make that venture? And yet thousands did it with their eyes wide open to the horrible consequence. And let me tell you how. One hundred and eighty thousand of our soldiers were prisoners of war; and among them, when death was stalking, when famine was climbing up into their hearts, and when idiocy was threatening all that was left of their intellects, the gates of their prisons stood open every day if they would just desert their flag and enlist under the flag of the enemy; and out of one hundred and eighty thousand not two per cent ever received the liberation from death, starvation, idiocy, all that might come to them; but they endured all these horrors and all these sufferings in preference to deserting the flag of their country and the glory of its truth. Great God! Was ever such measure of patriotism reached by any men upon this earth before! That is what your monument means. By the subtle chemistry that no man knows, all the blood that was shed by our brethren, all the lives that were thus

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devoted, all the grief and tears, at last crystalized itself into granite and rendered immortal the great truths for which they died. And it stands here to-day, and that is what your monument means.

Now, what will it teach? What will it teach? Why, I remember the story of one of the old conquerors of Greece, who, when he had traveled in his boyhood over the battle-fields where Miltiades had won victories and set up trophies, returning, he said: "These trophies of Miltiades will never let me sleep." Why? Something had taught him from the chiseled stone a lesson that he could never forget. And, fellow citizens, that silent sentinel that crowns yon granite column will look down upon the boys who shall walk these streets for generations to come, and he will not let them sleep when the country calls. More than the bugler on the field, from his granite lips will go out a call that the children of Lake County will hear after the grave has covered us all and our immediate children. That is the teaching of your monument; that is its lesson. It is the lesson of endurance for what we believe. It is the lesson of sacrifice for what we love; the lesson of heroism for what we mean to sustain; and that lesson cannot be lost on a people like this.

It is not a lesson of revenge; it is not a lesson of wrath. It is the grand, sweet lesson of the immortality of a truth that we hope will soon cover, like the Shechinah of light and glory all parts of this Republic from the lakes to the gulf. I once entered a house in old Massachusetts where, over its door, were two crossed swords; one was the sword carried by the grandsire of its owner on the field of Bunker Hill, and the other was a sword carried by the English grandsire of the wife on the same field and on the

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other side of the conflict. Under those crossed swords, in the restored harmony of domestic peace, lived a family happy, contented and free under the light of our Republican liberties. I trust the time is not far distant when, under the crossed swords and the locked shields of Americans, North and South, our people shall sleep in peace and rise in liberty, and love, and harmony, under our flag of stars.

THE IMMORTALITY OF IDEAS.

AUGUST 6th, a soldiers' monument was dedicated at Geneva, Ohio, with imposing ceremonies. General Garfield, after some introductory remarks, said :

FELLOW CITIZENS—Ideas are the only things in this universe that are immortal. Some people think the soldiers are chiefly renowned for courage; that is one of the cheapest and commonest qualities. We share it with the brutes. I can find you dogs and bears and lions that will fight, and fight to the death, and will tear each other. Do you call that warfare? They are as courageous as any of our soldiers were, if brute courage is what you are after. The difference between them and us is this: the tigers never hold reunions to celebrate their victories when they have eaten the creature they have killed. That is the only, is the only reunion they ever hold. Wild beasts never build monuments over their slain comrades. Why? Because there are no ideas behind their warfare. Ideas are immortal if they be true. We build monuments to them. We hold reunions not for the dead, for (there is nothing on all the earth that you and I can do for the dead.) They are past our help and past our praise. We can add to them no glory and we can give to them no immortality. They do not need us, but forever and forever more we need them. The glory that trailed in the clouds behind them after their sun had set falls with its benediction upon us who are living, and it is to commemorate the immortality of ideas

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for which they fought, that you assemble to-day and dedicate your monument that points up toward God, who leads them in glory of the great world beyond. And around those ideas, under the leadership of the immortality of those ideas, we assemble to-day, reverently to follow, reverently to acknowledge the glory they achieved, and the benediction they left behind them.

COMMERCIAL TRAVELERS.

ON the 3d of September, fifty commercial travelers, representing every leading mercantile interest, assembled on the lawn in front of Gen. Garfield's residence. The gentlemen were accompanied by their wives. Gen. Garfield addressed them as follows :

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—I can hardly say that you have taken me by surprise, for I was informed, some days ago, that a party of commercial gentlemen from Indiana would call upon me to-day ; but I am very pleasantly surprised at the large number of ladies and gentlemen who have honored me by this visit. I have listened with deep interest to the address of your chairman, and I give you, one and all, my thanks for the compliment which this visit implies.

Your chairman informs me that you represent nearly all the leading branches of commercial industry in the State of Indiana, and some of the neighboring States. Few of our people understand how vast are the enterprises represented by our internal trade. Almost every form of human labor contributes its products to the trade that fills our thoroughfares and supplies our communities with the necessities of life, and are all moved by the grand mainspring—labor. Permit me to illustrate its magic powers. Eighty-four years ago a company of forty-two surveyors landed at the mouth of Conneaut Creek, a little stream that marks the boundary between Pennsylvania and Ohio.

COMMERCIAL TRAVELERS.

They landed on the 4th day of July, 1796, and begun their work by celebrating our National Independence. There are many now living who were boys in their teens when this company of surveyors began their work. At that time, from the Pennsylvania line to Detroit, hardly a smoke ascended from a white man's cabin. The Western Reserve was an unbroken wilderness. Three millions of acres had just been purchased from the State of Connecticut, for forty cents an acre. To-day, the Western Reserve furnishes happy and comfortable homes to more than three-fourths of a million of intelligent people. Except a French settlement, the State of Indiana was itself an unbroken wilderness, but is now a great and prosperous community, and thousands of miles beyond yon prairies the wilderness and mountain slopes smile with peace, prosperity and the attendant blessings of civilization.

What has wrought this wonderful transformation? The magical power of human labor through manifold struggles and dangers, through suffering and blood. These blessings have been secured to us, and, I trust, will be continued to our children's children. I venture to notice another fact. Every stroke of the axe, every blow of the hammer, every turn of a wheel, every purchase and sale, in short, every effort of labor, is measured by the standard of value fixed and declared by National law. I congratulate you, as commercial men, that your Government has at last restored to its people the ancient standard of value, and has made it possible for our people everywhere to secure the blessing which bountiful harvests and prosperous times have brought them, by placing our National finances on the solid basis of specie values. This fact forms no inconsiderable part of the security with which the great business transactions

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of the Nation are carried on, and you, as its representatives, as well as the laborers of the land, are sharers of these benefits, and this security. Ladies and gentlemen, accept my most cordial thanks for your visit. I welcome you to my home, and to the kind greetings of my family.

ARMY COMRADES.

ON the 22nd day of September, the Association of the Army of the Cumberland met in Toledo. General Garfield was present, and in an address, among other things said:

MR, PRESIDENT AND COMRADES—I am sure there is not one of you here to-night that does not feel the inspiration of the evening, does not recognize that you are better, brighter, tenderer, and truer for having sat here the last hour and heard these strong words of Union sentiment: the glorious inspiration, the poetry and beautiful recitation given us all. The best war is horrible, but to have known what you have known, to have seen what you have seen, to have felt the inspiration as you have felt, as part of your service in the war, is a bitter moment in your life that you can never fail to recognize. Glance around at the names on this gallery. There is not one of them that does not bring out with light and fire the old recollections. To have known some of these men who are named here was a liberal education in itself. To have known Phil. Sheridan's horse yonder, was to make a great acquaintance, of large inspiration, but to have known Phil. on his horse, was to have an epitome from the glory of war, and the sublimity of victory. These are some of the meanings that this night teaches me, and make me rejoice to be here with my old comrades again. But then, as we glance around this circle of names there comes down to us the information that one by one they are dropping out from the list of the living,

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but yet are seen as stars in the firmament of national glory. Less than a year ago the Army of the Cumberland and its deliberations were presided over by one who is among the dead—that brave and noble comrade of ours who presided around the statue of Thomas, left us only a few weeks after he gave us the hand of farewell. One by one, rapidly they are going. It becomes us to gather these glories into our hearts, to bind up into a small sheaf the glory and friendship of those who live together, into the garland of our history, to the glory of those who are gone.

THE COUNTRY AND CITY.

LATE in September, the Northern Ohio Fair was held at Cleveland. General Garfield and Ex-Governor Bishop were there; also the Lieut.-Governor and several Representatives in Congress. There were present about 40,000 people, and several able speeches were made. Mr. Garfield said :

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN—While Gov. Bishop was speaking of the exhibition of thrift and prosperity represented on these grounds, I was thinking of the forces at work in this country which are silently but powerfully affecting the relations between two classes of our population. All who have thoughtfully considered the reports of the national census during the last thirty years, have observed the great growth of our cities and the comparatively small growth of population in our agricultural districts. The tendency of civilization is toward the city and away from the country. Let me ask you to reflect whether this is a good indication. I have time to notice but one feature of the problem. A careful study of the men who have won distinction in every field of activity, public and private, professional and commercial, will show that a large majority of them were born and bred in the country.

Examine the roster of all our professions, civil and military; recount the men who achieved distinction in the first fields of manufacture and commerce, and you will find that far the larger number were country born boys, whose early

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manhood had touched the soil and drawn health and vigor and inspiration from the forces of nature, which play with freshness and freedom in the green fields of the country.

Gentlemen, would you willingly see the present brilliancy continued until the majority of our people are inhabitants of great cities? If the tendency must prevail, there is one way to mitigate its evils, and that is by bringing the city and country into closer bonds of sympathy.

This brings me to the chief significance of this fact. This great and growing city of the lake has opened her arms to the country, and annually invites the people who till our fields, dig in our mines, and work in the country shops, to come among you and bring with them the fruits of the land, and the products of their skill in return. You show them the accumulation of city industry and culture. This interchange is beneficial to both, and especially advantageous to the residents of the city.

I am sure that the many leaders of the commerce and trade of Cleveland, who were reared in the country, are refreshed and invigorated by the reminder of their youth which this fair gives them. They remember the rock from which they were hewn, the soil on which they grew, and are better and stronger for the remembrance. In this fair the city and country shake hands in renewed friendships, and recognize anew their dependence upon each other.

GERMAN CITIZENS.

ON the 16th of October, 500 German residents of Cleveland found Gen. Garfield "at home." After formal ceremonies had been finished, the General spoke as follows :

GENTLEMEN—I am very glad to see you here and receive your words of welcome and these words of earnest patriotism. I have caught some of the inspiration of the speaker's thought, though not all, but enough of it to make me know the heartiness of your greeting, and be able to thank you for it from a full and cordial heart. Your chairman has been pleased to refer to a remark I once made, when speaking of the death of an eminent German member of Congress, that it was a mistake in one sense to call him a foreigner, because, as I said, all English-speaking people drew their old traditions from and found their first fatherland in the forests of Germany. And it was so when two thousand years ago that body of travelers and bold pioneers crossed the German ocean to aid in the struggle on the island of Britain. When the ruddy, strong, yellow-haired, the blue-eyed Saxon came, they planted the principles of Teutonic liberty in England—and an old writer, of centuries ago, said that the constitution of Great Britain came from the woods of Germany. Our branch of the family is the earlier branch, the elder brother. You have come later to join us—younger sons of modern Germany, to meet your older brother in the new world, because you

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love larger liberties and opportunities and greater aspirations. Not many generations ago our fathers were foreigners. From the Teutonic races, from the Latin—from all races of Europe, the best elements mingle here, and like any other alloy of metals, it makes a stronger result than any one of the parts alone. We are better for the mixture. Your chairman quoted a line from your great poet, Herder, in which he said that to go into a foreign land there could be no worse thing than to be a German. It was never true on this continent. If even in American madness it was true twenty-five years ago, it ceased long ago to have any truth in our modern America. You represent in your fatherland the old remarkable traditions; and I know your own hearts have been stirred by the event that occurred, only a few days ago, on your own Rhine, when the magnificent cathedral at Cologne, which has been 630 years in building, the scaffolds hardly down for a day, was just brought to its final completion and dedicated for peace. It has lived through all dynasties—it has lived through all religions, through all reigns and through all wars, to be dedicated at last by Kaiser William to peace and glorious memories of Germany. That is a wonderful thing for you to have a share in. But I trust, fellow citizens, that you have come here to help us build a grander temple—not a gothic building made from quarries of the Rhine, but made out of the hearts and lives, aspirations and hopes of all people who have come into this country to make it their home, and build here institutions that shall not, I trust, be finished in six hundred years from to-day, but shall go on with its grand structure always rising, its foundation always deepening, its dome always high and always free for all people who come here to be Americans

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and dwell with us. To all such people the genius of America speaks in the language of another German poet—the great Norvalis :

“Gieb treulich mir die Hande
Sei Bruder mir und wandle
Den Blick vor dinem Ange
Nicht weetes weg von mir
Im Tempel wo wir knieen
Ein Ort wohin wir ziehen,
Ein Zweck fur das wir gehn
Ein Himmel mir und dir.”

Such is the welcome that America gives to all people. I thank you for this call to-day, fellow citizens : thanks for your kindness, and I conclude by saying, “Wilkommen alle.”

THE FUTURE OF COLORED MEN.

OCTOBER 25th a delegation of 250 colored men visited General Garfield. In response to an address by their chairman, the General said :

GENTLEMEN—I have listened carefully to what your speakers have said ; I have noted your manifestations of applause at the special points of their remarks. All the time—not now while the speaking has been going on, but the time since the great struggle for equal rights in this country culminated in war—I have studied your problem with no little solicitude. It was a difficult problem, not for you only, but for us, and equally difficult for the men who lately held you in slavery.

Of all the problems that any nation ever confronted, none was ever more difficult than that of settling the great race question which your existence upon this continent brought to our people, and settling it on the basis of broad justice and equal rights to all. It was a tremendous trial of the faith of the American people, a tremendous trial of the strength of our institutions. It was not for your sake alone that the thoughtful men of this country struck slavery and said it must die. It was certainly a good reason why slavery ought to die that it wronged your race ; but it was an equally good reason why it should die, because it was dangerous to the peace and prosperity of the white race, and to the stability of the Republic. We are always inclined to express too much sympathy with the man who

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suffers wrong; that is right, but we ought also to express anxious solicitude for the man who does the wrong, for in one very important sense he is more to be pitied than the victim. If a man murders you without provocation your soul bears no burden of the wrongs, but all the angels of the universe will weep for the misguided man who committed the murder. And so I say the men who enslaved your race were wronging themselves as well as you. To protect them from being wrong-doers, and shield your race from suffering wrong, was the mighty problem which was solved by the abolition of slavery.

Now, fellow-citizens, after the fierce struggle of the war, after Lincoln had given utterance to the great thought that the centuries of slavery had committed so great a sin that without the shedding of blood there was no remission, and that our war was the bloody-expiation for that sin, even then, when you were free by the proclamation of Lincoln and by the amended Constitution that gave you citizenship, your problem was not solved. What is freedom without the intelligence to use it wisely? What is freedom without virtue and intelligence combined to make it not a curse, but a blessing? You were not made free merely to be allowed to vote, but in order to enjoy an equality of opportunity in the race of life, and to stand equal before the law. Permit no man to praise you because you are black, nor wrong you because you are black. Let it be understood that you are ready and willing to work out your own material salvation by your own energy, your own worth, your own labor. All that liberty can do for you is to give you a fair and equal chance within the limits of the constitution, and by the exercise of its proper powers it is

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the purpose of the best men on this continent to give you this equal chance and nothing more.

I congratulate you on the great advance which your race has already made under liberty. I have seen your representatives in Congress—one of them in the Senate—and I have seen them behave with such self-restraint, good sense, judgment, modesty, and patriotism, that it has given me new hope that all their brethren will continue to climb up toward the light with every new opportunity. I will not affect to be any more your friend than thousands of others. I do not even pretend to be particularly your friend, but only your friend with all other just men. On that basis and within those limitations, whatever can justly or fairly be done to assure to you an equality of opportunity, it will always be my pleasure to do. So, gentlemen, I thank you for coming here, and shall be glad to greet every one of you.

COLORED JUBILEE SINGERS.

EARLY in the day, October 1st, the Fisk University Jubilee Singers (colored), of Nashville, Tennessee, called on General Garfield and his family. After a pleasant interview, and when about to depart, the singers turned toward General Garfield and sang an impressive benediction, with these words: "The Lord be with you; the Lord guard and preserve you; the Lord lift up His countenance upon you, and give you peace." There was silence for a time, as the music died away. Then General Garfield, who had stood by the mantel with bowed head, spoke to the band of singers very earnestly and solemnly, saying:

My friends, for my family and myself, I thank you for this visit, and for the songs you have sung. While I have listened, a thought has come to me which may encourage you.

A voice has gone forth before every great good that was ever achieved in this world. A voice in the wilderness was the herald of our Saviour. In the war for the Union, the thunder of our guns on a thousand battle-fields was the voice that prepared the way for the liberty that came to your race.

Now, friends, the earthly savior of your people must be universal education; and I believe that your voices are preparing for the coming of that blessing. You have sung a great university into being. You have sung before kings and princes. You have sung to the meek and the lowly.

COLORED JUBILEE SINGERS.

You have sung to the hearts of your people; and I hope and believe that your voices are heralding the great liberation which education will bring to your lately-enslaved brethren. You are fighting for light and for the freedom it brings; and in that contest I would rather be with you and defeated, than against you and victorious. In the language of the song you have just sung I say to you, "March on, and you shall win the victory, you shall gain the day."

FIRST VOTERS.

THE First Voters' Garfield and Arthur Battalion, of Cleveland, numbering about four hundred, found General Garfield at home on the eighth of October. In answer to an address, the General said :

MR. CHAIRMAN AND YOUNG GENTLEMEN—This is no ordinary event in the history of any man—indeed, in the history of any people—when, as I am told, there are 400 young men here who have made this journey, not for any personal purpose, but to express that great, general, earnest purpose that arises in the hearts of active, intelligent young men, when they first grapple with the great questions of their country. I know of nothing quite like this in our history. With all the pleasure it brings, I am bound to say it brings a little disenchantment to me in this. Always to this time I have been accustomed to consider myself a young man. If, before your arrival, anybody had raised the question, I should have asserted, with a good deal of indignation, if anybody had denied it, that I myself was a young man.

But they tell me you are to cast your first National vote at a Presidential election. If that is so, young man as I am, I voted before any of you were born. If you are young, and voters, borrowing the language of Rip Van Winkle, when he awoke from that long sleep, "Who in the world am I?" I must have passed the very flush of youth, at least. But, young gentlemen, I have not so far left the

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coast of youth to travel inland, but that I can very well remember the state of young manhood, from an experience in it of some years, and there is nothing to me in this world so inspiring as the possibilities that lie locked up in the head and breast of a young man. The hopes that lie before him, the great inspirations around him, the great aspirations above him, all these things, with the untried pathway of life opening up its difficulties and dangers, inspire him to courage and force and work. It is a spectacle that the very gods would look down upon in ancient Roman days with more than ordinary interest.

Now, let me say a single word or two in answer to this great kindness and compliment of your coming to my house, about some of the thoughts that I know get into the hearts of young men and inspire them, and some delusions that are likely to get into their minds. Let me speak of one delusion that I think, from the remarks of your chairman, you are not likely to have. It is a delusion that affects all men, more or less, particularly the young men—the delusion that good things and great things are some way off yonder, away abroad.

As to our country, let us not get any such delusion into our heads. I know all about abroad. I know what it is to enlarge our minds by it. But I want you to feel, in the depths of your heart, that there is no abroad in all this world that is half equal to the glory of being an American here at home and to-day. Right here, in this yard, is a splendid specimen of American sovereignty, the roof and crown of this world of sovereignty. Enlarge it into the million of men who vote, and you have the grand, august sovereign of this last and best born of time, the American Republic. Now that the sovereign shall be unshackled

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forever, that that sovereign shall be unpurchasable when he stands at the ballot-box to order the supreme will of the Nation, that that sovereign shall be unintimidated by mortal man when he utters that final omnific word that commands the continent—that is the great purpose that all true Americans should keep in their minds.

When I see such a band of earnest young men as meet me here to-day I feel certain that if they could deploy themselves as a ballot-box guard to defend the purity of the American ballot-box, to stand around it as around the cradle of our heir-apparent of American sovereignty, such guardians, such defenders, will keep the Republic pure and keep it free.

Young gentlemen, your visit to me gives me a compliment of the highest sort, and while it disenchants me, as I said a little while ago, it still reaches the hand of youth out to me, which I take with all cordiality and earnestness; and for your tendered support to me, which is not for my sake, but for the sake of the cause of which I am now the representative, I give you all the thanks of which my heart is capable. The house is small, the farm is small, the township is small, the county is a small one, but all there is in it to give of generosity, and hospitality and welcome—all that is in my hands to give—is yours while you stay. I bid you welcome to all there is of us, gentlemen.

PRINCIPLES IN BUSINESS.

ON the 14th of October, an excursion party filling thirteen cars went to Mentor, under the auspices of the Cleveland Republican Business Men's Club, to congratulate General Garfield on the result of the October elections. George H. Ely, President of the club, made a speech, to which General Garfield responded as follows :

MR. ELY AND GENTLEMEN OF CLEVELAND—This is a new situation, and new sensations and suggestions arise with it. I should be altogether unworthy of this State and of my native county if I did not feel deep sensibility at this expression of your confidence in me, and at this greater, more significant expression of your understanding of what the great contest now pending in this country means in its relation to our prosperity. You are business men of Cleveland, and that means a great deal ; you are citizens of Ohio, and that means more ; you are citizens of the Republic, and that means a great deal more, and in your three-fold capacity I greet you and thank you for this demonstration of your confidence. Let me speak a moment about these three thoughts. You are business men ; suppose, not this yard full alone, but all the business men of America were assembled together, what would they do ? Rather, what would they not do, if they got from the eternal powers an insurance policy that four years to come there should be no disturbance in the great forces that play upon the business prosperity of this people ? The power that could

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underwrite such a policy to you would call from you more sacrifice in a mere business sense than you ever made under any circumstances. Now no such guarantee will be given you by the supernatural powers, but while frosts, pestilence, tempests, and all the great accidents that come to us without our power to prevent it, are beyond our reach, yet there is a great political organization in this country that can give you a policy, underwritten by its faith and in its own hand, against all the evils that can come to you from bad legislation and the reckless wickedness of bad finance. For such a business insurance the business men of Cleveland and the business men of America are manifestly willing to make some effort and be at some sacrifice, and that, I take it, is the business meaning of this assemblage here to-day.

Now, the second thought I had was, you are citizens of Ohio, and you are living illustrations of the first children of the pioneers who planted Ohio. When your fathers were born Ohio was unknown, except as a trackless wilderness, and yet where the smoke from not a dozen white men's cabins ascended to the sky in all this territory, now three and a quarter millions of happy people, prosperous, honorable, and successful, are living and guiding the destinies of a people as great in numbers and wealth as all who inhabited the thirteen colonies when our fathers won their independence. What a spectacle is that? And all this prosperity was won by the simple, plain, straightforward process of downright hard work. That was what did it. Labor first laid out the raw materials that God made, and then capital, which is only another name for crystalized labor saved up, protected and saved by the strong arms of equal and just and honest laws. Now that is Ohio.

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Well, now there is a third and a larger thought. Proud as you are of what you have been and what you have done for Cleveland, for Ohio, yet your pride rises at a little piece of bunting, a flag with stars and stripes upon it. That speaks of a great continent with a Government that covers it from sea to sea, from the lakes to the Gulf, and that you as citizens of that Republic have a right to walk on every foot of it as the equal of any man that lives anywhere, and that the score of black men that I see here and there have just as good a right as the whitest of us all. Now, these are the thoughts that come to me as I look upon these Cuyahoga faces. You are in the midst of a great contest, gentlemen. On that contest, on the struggle of it, on the issue of it, on my relation to it, I say nothing. For the time being I am out of politics, but I am with you. And now, gentlemen, I thank you for coming here, I thank you for these wise and earnest words of encouragement which your Chairman has spoken, and I thank you for your purpose of standing by your faith to the end, let it lead us wherever it will, and finally, I hope to have the pleasure of taking your hands.

PROUD OF HIS CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT.

ABOUT two hundred people of Ashtabula, called on General Garfield, October 22nd. After an exchange of courtesies, the General spoke as below :

GENTLEMEN—I believe you are nearly all, if not all, my constituents—that this is a home gathering, a sort of harvest home just after the ordinary harvest, and just before the other harvest that somebody will gather in a short time—therefore, I feel the utmost freedom in meeting you and greeting you.

We have been in the habit in the old nineteenth district for about fifty years past of believing in the existence and steadiness of the North star, and we have believed in it in cloudy weather when nobody could see a star; amidst clouds and darkness this people kept on believing in it, until nearly all the world saw the great constellation wheeling amid its steady and unmovable centre. The North star, the symbol of freedom, and the equal right of all men, has been kept steadily in view by the better people of the Western Reserve these forty years, for a time long before these first voters were born; and these young men who were born to believe in it will not be likely to forget it, because it now shines plainly in the northern hemisphere.

To speak without figure, the people of this old nineteenth district long ago learned to be content with being right, even when they were in an apparently hopeless minority. Your

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speaker has just referred to Joshua R. Giddings. Think of the long, hard struggle when he was ostracised by all men excepting half a dozen at the National capitol. Denied the common civility and friendship of social society ; but he believed in the immortality of liberty, fought on and fought on, till in his last days he saw them triumph.

I have never received a compliment that touched my heart more deeply than when, after a speech I made in Congress for the same cause, there came from Jefferson, the capitol of your county, a letter from the old patriot, thanking me that I had taken up his work, and saying that I was worthily wearing his mantle. I am glad to meet you, young gentlemen, believing you are bound by universal ties to be true to those great principles that the Western Reserve helped plant and cherish.

I know what the old district has done and what it has suffered for its convictions, and I am glad to know that in rainy and tempestuous weather, in season and out of season, the Old Guard will be found where the banner of freedom points the way to battle. You are welcome here to-day, gentlemen, thrice welcome. We are friends, we are neighbors, we are companions in the common cause, and I trust no young man who makes his first choice of party associations to-day, will be sorry for it when he looks back from the end of this century to the year 1880. I shall be glad to take each of you by the hand before you leave.

THE FRIENDSHIP OF CONSTITUENTS.

ON the 26th of October, a company of six hundred ladies and gentlemen, residents of Trumbull County, in General Garfield's Congressional district, waited upon the General, and were addressed as follows :

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—You have no idea what it is to me to look out upon this circle of faces. There have been a good many strangers in this yard in the past two weeks. There are some strangers, perhaps, here now ; but in this circle, all along its line, there are faces that flash back to me the memories of these twenty years past. Years full of struggle, full of question, full of events, full of friendship, full of victories, full of all that goes to make up the life of public and private friendship on this Western Reserve. You cannot know what strength it brings to me to see these friends, who have stood, not by me alone, but by the cause that they believed I represent, and have stood by it in a most unselfish, earnest, intelligent, forcible, effective manner during all these years. Why, I see men in this circle who, in the whole of this long time, have never betrayed to me, by any sign or any word, that they had the least purpose of their own to serve, but only the purpose to serve their country and its best interests, and that their friendship for me was largely, if not altogether, because they thought I was capable of rendering some service to the cause they loved and the country they revered. A man with such friendships around him, with such supports be-

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hind him, would be a very poor piece of timber indeed if he did not amount to something. And let me say, out of the soil of such hearts as these, out of the forces of such people as these, there can grow all that is best in our civilization and under our institutions. I know not what awaits me in the future; I never discount it so far as it relates to myself. I never allow myself to be elated with what may be, nor depressed with what may be; but I do say this, that I cannot conceive that the time can ever come when the friendship of these men that are gathered in this yard to-day can be anything but dear to me, and of the greatest possible value in strengthening my heart and hope, whatever the field of my work may be. I thank you, gentlemen, that on this inclement day, and with all the circumstances apparently against it, you have made your way here to my home; that you have formed a circle about it that will not disappear when you are gone. It will seem to me in all time to come, as I stand upon this portal, that a band of my old constituents and friends have left their guardianship and love circling about my door. I welcome you as you know I could welcome but few other groups of people in the world, and I hope you will not go away until I have had the pleasure of taking each of you by the hand.

NEIGHBORS AND FRIENDS.

OCTOBER 28th, General Garfield addressed a company of friends and neighbors, as follows :

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—I once read of a man who tried to wear the armor and wield the sword of some ancient ancestor, but found them too large for his stature and strength. If I should try at this moment to wear and sway the memories which your presence awakens, I should be overwhelmed and wholly unable to marshal and muster the quick-coming throng of memories which this semi-circle of old friends and neighbors has brought to me. Here are schoolfellows of twenty-eight years ; here are men and women who were my pupils a quarter of a century ago ; here are venerable men, who, twenty-one years ago, in the town of Kent, launched me upon the stormy sea of political life. I see others who were soldiers in the old regiment which I had the honor to command, and could I listen to the touching and thoughtful words of my friend, the venerable late Chief-Justice of Ohio—who has just spoken, without remembering that evening in 1861 of which he spoke too modestly—when he and I stood together in the old church at Hiram and called upon the young men to go forth to battle for the Union and be enlisted before they slept, and thus laid the foundation of the Forty-second regiment. How can I forget all these things, and all that has followed ? How can I forget that twenty-five years of my life were so braided and intertwined with the lives of the people of

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Portage county, when I see men and women from all its townships standing at my door? I cannot forget these things while life and consciousness remain. No other period of my life can be like that. The freshness of youth, the very springtide of life, the brightening on toward noon-day—all were with you and of you, my neighbors, my cherished comrades. In all the relations of social, student, military and political life and friendship, you are here, so close to my heart, that I cannot trust myself to an attempt to recall these memories with anything like coherence. I know that my neighbors and friends in Portage county since the first day of my Congressional life have never sent to any convention a delegate who was hostile to me; that through all the storms of detraction that roared around me the members of the old guard of Portage county have never wavered in their faith and friendship, but have stood an unbroken phalanx with their locked shields above my head and have given me their hearts in every contest. If a man can carry in his memory a jewel more precious than this, I am sure Judge Day has never heard what it is.

Well, gentlemen, on the eve of great events, closing a great campaign, I look into your faces and draw from you such consolation as even you cannot understand. Whatever the event may be, our past is secure, and whatever may befall me hereafter, if I can succeed in keeping the hearts of Portage county near to me, I shall know that I do not go far wrong in anything, for they are men who love the truth for truth's sake, far more than they love any man.

Ladies and gentlemen, all the doors of my household are open to you. The hand of every member of my family is outstretched to you, our hearts greet you, and we ask you to come in.

A BUSY DAY AT MENTOR.

THURSDAY, the 30th of October, was a busy day at "Lawnfield" and Mentor. The first to arrive were 150 iron-workers from Youngstown, Ohio, with a band, and wearing badges, with "329" on their hats. General Garfield addressed them as follows:

GENTLEMEN—I am glad to meet you to-day. I remember with pleasure the long line of events that have united us during the eighteen years we have known each other. While the last gentleman was speaking, on behalf of his associate iron-workers of the Mahoning Valley, it brought to my mind something which I read many years ago in a very interesting old book. The writer was enumerating the points of contrast between man and the lower animals, and among them was this: "Man," he said, "is the only animal that makes tools for his own use." In following out that thought, I think we may fairly say that the tools which a people use are probably as good an index of their intelligence and civilization as any that can be found. We dig into the mounds of forgotten tribes and nations and find their tools and implements of stone; later of copper, then of bronze, of iron and of steel. If we had all the specimen tools of all the tribes and nations of the earth arranged in order before us, we could probably determine with great accuracy the grade of civilization of each generation.

I do not say that it is the whole business of civilization

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to make tools, but the tools of a people are the indexes of the civilization of those who make and use them. The men who stand before me are largely engaged in making tools for America, or in manufacturing the materials out of which these tools are made. Your daily work is, therefore, allied to the civilization of your country. It was the purpose of the founders of our government so to develop and educate our people that they should be able to make their implements of peace and war, so that if we were at war with the rest of the world we could by our skill clothe and equip ourselves, and make all the tools and machinery for our own use, without drawing on other nations for a single hammer stroke. Now, that is to me the significance of the business that you are engaged in. I have never thought it was a sufficient reason for asking the Legislature of the Nation to make laws merely to let any one class of citizens make more money, but when the industry which any of our citizens are engaged in is the one that the whole Nation needs for its defence, and for the growth and development of the people, then every man so employed is doing a great, National, patriotic work, which the government should protect and defend for the good of all. On that large National ground every blow you strike is a blow in defence of the independence of your country and the well being of all its people.

Gentlemen, I am glad to see this company of iron-workers—my old constituents and friends. I welcome you here and I appreciate your coming all the more because you have come so far and in such an inclement season. You are very welcome, and I shall be very glad to greet each one of you.

A BUSY DAY AT MENTOR.

Wayne and Ashland Counties sent about 500 people with bands of music. There were many ladies present, and Mrs. Garfield was very hospitable to them. In response to a speech, General Garfield said:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, FELLOW CITIZENS—To know that this company comes in large part from so far away as beyond the Western Reserve, on such a day as this, is a significant expression of what you mean and feel. To know that you come with songs, that you come with hearts full of emotion, and minds full of ideas, and principles, and purpose, is as much as any company of people anywhere could well say.

I recollect that some writer said, long ago, "Let me make the songs of a people, and I care not who makes their laws." You are not, perhaps, making the songs of the people, but you are singing the songs of a very energetic, intelligent and determined people, and the songs you sing are sweeping through the hearts and lives and purposes of thousands of people all over this broad land. To have you come thus testifying your confidence, your hope and your purpose, and singing your songs of rejoicing, would be gratifying to any man, and is certainly gratifying to me.

This is my day of judgment. In a few days it will be the day of judgment for all the people, and whatever that judgment shall be, like good citizens, we will all bow to it and do whatever duty comes to us. I thank you, ladies and gentlemen, for this great compliment, and for this splendid array which you make in my door yard. I hope you will find whatever of comfort and happiness it is possible to get out of such a day as this. I thank you and welcome you.

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Afterward, 100 men from the Britton Iron and Steel Works, of Cleveland, appeared, to whom General Garfield said :

GENTLEMEN—I am very much obliged to you. I know something about the iron works of Cleveland. It is said that Prince Bismarck, one of the ablest men in Europe, had for his motto, “Iron and Blood.” That is pretty strong, but we have for our motto, “Iron, together with all the other industries, and liberty.” I am glad to see this hardy, forceful, earnest body of men. I hope that whatever you do will tell in the direction of justice.

TO TEACHERS AND STUDENTS.

ON the afternoon of November 3d, the day succeeding General Garfield's election as President of the United States, seven hundred of the faculty and students of Oberlin College, went to Mentor, for the purpose of extending their congratulations. In reply to the Chairman, General Garfield said :

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN— This spontaneous visit is so much more agreeable than a prepared one. It comes more directly from the heart of the people who participate, and I receive it as a greater compliment for that reason. I do not wish to be unduly impressible or superstitious, but, though we have outlived the days of the augurs, I think we have a right to think of some events as omens, and I greet this as a happy and auspicious omen, that the first general greeting since the event of yesterday is tendered to me by a venerable institution of learning. The thought has been abroad in the world a good deal, and with reason, that there is a divorce between scholarship and politics. Oberlin, I believe, has never advocated that divorce, but there has been a sort of cloistered scholarship in the United States that has stood aloof from active participation in public affairs, and I am glad to be greeted here to-day by the active, live scholarship of Ohio, and I know of no place where scholarship has touched upon the nerve-centre of public intelligence so effectually as at Oberlin. For this reason I am specially grateful for this

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greeting from the Faculty and students of Oberlin College and its venerable President. I thank you, ladies and gentlemen, for this visit. Whatever the significance of yesterday's event may be, it will be all the more significant for being immediately indorsed by the scholarship and culture of my State. I thank you ladies and gentlemen, and I thank your President for coming with you. You are cordially welcome.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF A GIFT.

A GOLD-HEADED cane voted to General Garfield in a contest at the Cleveland Cathedral Fair was formally presented to him at Mentor, November 4th, by Father Thorpe. General Garfield's reply to the presentation speech was as follows :

FATHER THORPE—I receive this beautiful cane from the people whom you represent, grateful, not merely that they chose me as the recipient, but for the fact that the spirit behind the choice was in line with the liberties of this country. I receive it as a token of respect from the people of my native county, who have in many ways shown me their confidence and regard.

You have offered it as a significant symbol. I accept it with the meaning you have given it. The head of gold may not unfitly represent the true and solid basis of our National specie ; and the strength and stability and beauty of the wood that supports it, the strength and symmetry of our institutions. I believe it is said that the patriarch Jacob worshiped leaning on the top of his staff. Our institutions are safe so long as our people and Government are found leaning upon the staff of solid worth and of public and private virtue. I accept this all the more gladly because it comes across one of the lines that divide us religiously. For in our country a man may adopt whatever religion he chooses, or no religion if he prefers. The

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religion of our people is left to their voluntary choice and not to the control of human law.

I thank you especially, Father Thorpe, for the kind terms in which you have addressed me, and I ask you to bear back my grateful thanks to the donors.

ON THE EVE OF ELECTION.

On the evening before election, General Garfield wrote to a Washington friend, among other things :

Whatever may be the issues of to-morrow, I shall carry with me through life most grateful memories of the enthusiastic and noble work my friends have done, and especially my college classmates. The campaign has been fruitful to me in the discipline that comes from endurance and patience. I hope defeat will not sour me, nor success disturb the poise which I have sought to gain by the experiences of life.

THE ELECTORAL COLLEGE.

ON the 2nd of December the Electoral College of Ohio waited upon General Garfield, at Mentor, and in reply to an address by General Grosvenor, said :

I am deeply grateful to you for this call, and for these personal and public congratulations. If I were to look upon the late campaign and its results merely in the light of a personal struggle and personal success, it would probably be as gratifying as any thing could be in the history of politics. If my own conduct during the campaign has been in any way a help and strength, I am glad. It is not always an easy thing to behave well. If, under trying circumstances, my behavior as a candidate has met your approval, I am greatly gratified ; but the larger subject — your congratulations to the country on the triumph of the Republican party — opens a theme too vast for me to enter upon now.

I venture, however, to mention a reflection which has occurred to me in reference to the election yesterday. I suppose that no political event has happened in all the course of the contest since early spring, which caused so little excitement, and indeed so little public observation, as the Presidential election which was held yesterday at midday. The American people paid but little attention to the details of the real Presidential election, and for a very significant reason. Although you and all the mem-

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bers of the Electoral College had the absolute constitutional and technical right to vote for anybody you chose, and although no written law directed or suggested your choice, yet every American knew that the august sovereign of this Republic, the 9,000,000 voters, on an early day in November, pronounced the omnipotent fiat of choice, and that the sovereign, assuming as done that which he had ordered to be done, entertained no doubt but that his will would be implicitly obeyed by all the colleges in all the States.

That is the reason why the people were so serenely quiet yesterday. They had never yet found an American who failed to keep his trust as a Presidential elector. From this thought I draw this lesson: That when that omnipotent sovereign, the American people, speaks to any one man, and orders him to do a duty, that man is under the most solemn obligations of obedience which can be conceived, excepting those which the God of the universe might impose upon him. Yesterday, through your votes and the votes of others in the various States, it is probable the returns will show that our great political sovereign has laid his commands upon me. If he has done so, I am as much bound by his will and his great inspiration and purpose as I could be bound by any consideration that this earth can impose upon any human being. In that presence, therefore, I stand, and am awed by the majesty and authority of such a command. In as far as I can interpret the best aspirations and purposes of our august sovereign, I shall seek to realize them. You and I, and those who have acted with us in years past, believe our sovereign loves liberty, and desires for all inhabitants

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of the republic, peace and prosperity under the sway of just and equal laws.

Gentlemen, I thank you for this visit, for this welcome, for the suggestions that your presence and your words bring, and for the hope you have expressed that in the arduous and great work before us, we may maintain the standard of nationality and promote all that is good and worthy in this country, that during the coming four years we may raise just as large a crop of peace, prosperity, justice, liberty and culture as it is possible for forty-nine millions of people to raise.





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